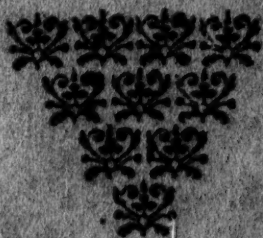


THE
GOTHAM
ELECTION,
A
FARCE.

By Mrs. CENTLIVRE.

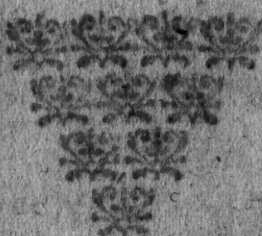
De fossa in Loculis quos sportula fecit Amicos.
[Juv. Sat. 10.]



LONDON: Printed and Sold by S. KEI-
MER, at the Printing-Press in Patern-
Noster-Row. 1715.

THE GOTHAM LECTION A FARCE.

By Mrs. JOSEPH WRE.



LONDON: Printed and sold by S. F. & Co. at the Theatre in Pall Mall. 1775.

T O
JAMES CRAGGS, Jun. Esq;
Cofferer to His Royal
Highness the Prince of
Wales, and Member
of the Honourable House
of Commons.

S I R,
DO me the Honour to
afford your Protection
to these two *Petites*
Pieces; I am sure none ever
stood in more need of so gene-
rous a Friend and a Defender

Dedication.

as you are ; tho' I dare not say they deserve this Benefit by any real Merit of their own, yet they have one Title to the Protection of all well natur'd People, which is, that they have Enemies undeserv'd, and were persecuted by those that did not know 'em.

If they had gone thro' a legal Course of Theatrical Justice, tho' it might have been partial, yet I should have submitted to it, as others had done before me ; but to be prejudg'd and condemn'd unheard, was harder Measure than any body else meets with at this time a Day.

The *Election*, which had the Honour

Dedication.

Honour to pass your Approbation, was objected against as a Party - Matter: I fancy both Sides will agree that there are unreasonable Heats and Extravagancies belonging to each of 'em, which deserve to be expos'd, laugh'd at, and exploded by all true Lovers of their Country, since by such Arts, our Enemies find the way to poison our Constitution.

For the other, it was said there would be Offence taken at the exposing a *Popish Priest*. Good God! To what sort of People are we chang'd! Are those worthy Gentlemen (the Emissaries of our most avow'd and irreconcilable Enemy) to

be

Dedication.

be treated with so much *Tenderness*? Is not their very *Profession* *Treason* in any Subject of *Great Britain*? Have our Neighbours in *France* treated the Clergy of the Reform'd Religion with the same Regard? But let that pass, since they have their Friends and Advocates even here, I hope I have some too; it is not an unpardonable Sin with' every Body to wish well to the Liberties and Religion of one's Country: No, Sir, I assure my self, you have Goodness enough to overlook a great many other Faults, where you find an honest and disinterested Zeal for our present happy Constitution.

Dedication.

tution. Y O U, whose good Judgment ever engaged you on the right Side, the Protestant Succession, and the Interest of *Britain*; Y O U who scorn'd to herd with the Betrayers of your Country, nor raise your Fortunes on the Ruins of your Fellow Subjects; Y O U who so generously espous'd my Interest, when you knew my Intention of dedicating to His Royal Highness, then Duke of *Cambridge*, will have the Goodness to protect a Woman who has no other Merit but her good Inclinations, and perpetual Wishes for the Prosperity of the present Government. These were Principles, which,

Dedication.

which, you know, she was not
asham'd of owning, even when
it was almost Criminal to pay
any Marks of Respect to that
Royal Family, under which our
Laws and our Liberties are now
so happily secur'd.

I wish, Sir, that you may
find any thing in either of these
little Comedies, that may en-
tertain you at some leisure
Hour. I know very well, that
your Time is at present, too
precious to be thrown away
upon Trifles; that House of
Commons of which you are so
worthy, and so ornamental a
Member, have the noblest and
greatest Task now lying before
them, the Vindication of our
Publick

Dedication.

Publick Honour to all *Europe*,
and the Extricating us out of
such Difficulties, as only one
Sett of Men in the World
could plunge us into; but they
will meet their Reward; and
You, with those worthy Patri-
ots engag'd with You, will find
yours in the Thanks of the
present Age, and the Blessings
of that of Posterity.

I might here expatiate on
the many excellent Qualifica-
tions You are Master of, did I
not know it would be harder to
obtain your Pardon for touch-
ing upon that Subject, than for
presuming to shrowd these lit-
tle Pieces under the Protection
of your Name; besides, I think

it

Dedication.

it needless at high Noon, to tell the World that it is light, since all that have Eyes, must see the Day ; and all that have the Honour to know Mr. *Craggs*, knows his Character is above my Reach, consequently, would suffer from the Attempt of any Pen so weak as mine : Therefore shall only beg Leave to subscribe with the profoundest Respect, Sir,

Your most Oblig'd,

most Obedient, and most

Devoted humble Servant,

Susanna Centlivre.

THE
PREFACE.

WHEN I writ this little Farce, I was not without Hopes of having it represented on the Stage; what I propos'd to my self, was, the Honour to show their Royal Highnesses the Manner of our Elections, and entertain the Town with a Subject entirely new: It has had the good Fortune to please several Persons of Distinction, and Taste, in the Reading, and some of our best Judges assur'd me, it could not fail to entertain from the Stage; but the Subject being upon Elections, the Master of the Revels did not care to meddle with it, and the Players act nothing without his Licence, so that I
had

The Preface.

had given over all Thoughts of its appearing in Publick. But the Word Election, it seems, immediately furnish'd out a Thousand scandalous Stories, and I was become the Subject of every Coffee-House in Town; and notwithstanding my Friends endeavour'd to do me Justice as often as they heard me aspers'd, yet for my clearer Justification, they were of Opinion I ought to print it, since several Persons had been so industriously malicious as to report that this Farce was a most impudent notorious Libel upon her Late Majesty; than which there is nothing more false, and the World will see how little Ground there is for such a Report; its so far from being a Satyr upon her, that there is not one personal Reflection design'd thro' the whole Piece; I was oblig'd indeed to make an Opposition of Parties, to heighten the Humour; it had been impossible to have writ any Thing upon the Subject without it; but I dare be positive, that the
Persons

The Preface.

Persons among whom the Scenes lie
wou'd have given more Diversion than
Offence to the Spectators of either
Party. I endeavour'd to make every
Thing appear as natural as I cou'd,
and for that Reason only, I stuck Wool
in the Hats of my Whigs, and Law-
rel in those of the Tories; tho' I wou'd
be glad to know why the latter made
use of the Lawrel to distinguish them-
selves, when they were labouring to
give up all the Conquests we had won:
I should have thought a Sprig of Rose-
mary had been the properer Emblem
of the then approaching Funeral of our
Church and State, since the Cheva-
lier's Friends were endeavouring to
bury our Religion, and Liberty, under
Tyranny and Popish Superstition. Had
Parliament's been Part of the Legisla-
ture among the Ancients, and our
Manner of Elections known to, and
practis'd by them, Apollo wou'd cer-
tainly have shown Vengeance on the un-
worthy Wearers of his favourite Tree:
The

The Preface.

The Lawrel was ever held the Emblem of Joy, and Reward of Vertue: Hence it was worn by Victors in the Olympick Games; but have Englishmen Reason to rejoyce in those Measures, that sav'd the Way for a French Government, and a Popish King?

The Roman Soldiers, who followed their Triumphs, were crown'd with Lawrel, to denote an Expiation of the Blood which they had shed in the Wars; but our Lawrel-wearers can draw no Parellel from thence, except deserting our Allies, selling our Trade, disgracing our Generals, giving up those glorious Conquests they had won, deserv'd to be crown'd with Lawrel, or that they wou'd be thought to wear it as an Expiation of the Blood of the Catalans, and of the Twelve Thousand cut to Pieces at Denain, by the fatal Cessation of Arms.

Whatever Reason they had for wearing

The Preface.

ing it, I am glad they had not an Opportunity of making use of it, in the Triumph they design'd over the Laws and Liberties of their Country.

Here I can't omit taking notice how much the Popish Faction encreased under the traiterous Management of the late Ministry, and we see by their daily Insults, that 'tis at the hazard of Life or Interest, at least, that we dare vindicate our Religion, and Liberty. Had the Author of Lady Jane Grey made her a Papist, and Gardiner a Bishop of the Church of England, and the Play been represented on the French Stage, what Protestant would have dar'd to call it a Popish Play, without running the Danger of the Gallies? If the Title of a certain Monarch, who was also set up by the People, in Opposition to the Right Line, were to be represented on the Theatre of France, not even the first Peer of that Nation durst to have vented one Murmur, much less his, without he were furnish'd with Philosophy
enough

The Preface.

enough to endure the Bastile, and yet the Papists and their Abettors dare to do it here. It is with the utmost Indignation, that I see those wholesome Laws neglected, which ought to be put in Execution against such profess'd Enemies of our Church and State; for to the Indolence of our People in Power, are all our present Divisions and Distractions owing; tho' for the Author of that excellently writ Poem above-mention'd, I dare answer for him, is under no Concern for any Thing that Faction can either say or write, since 'tis very evident their Malice is not levell'd against him but against our Religion and Liberties, which he has in that Piece vindicated so well, and set the Cruelties of Rome in so true a Light, that a great Part of our Clergy may blush to see the Stage become a better Advocate for Protestantism than the Pulpit; and as oft as that Tragedy shall be represented the Author's Memory shall be honoured to Posterity, whilst those Pretenders to the Church, the High-Flying and Nonjuring

The Preface.

ring-Party shall be remembered, with the
utmost Detestation.

W O M E N

Dra-

SCENE

THE

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Tickup, *a Candidate for Gotham.*

Sir John Worthy, *another Candidate talk'd on but not seen.*

Friendly, *an Agent for Sir Roger Trusty.*

Scoredouble, *an Inn-keeper.*

Watt Washball, *a Barber.*

The Mayor of Gotham.

Mallet, *a Carpenter, and his Son.*

Scruple *a Quaker.*

A Cocker.

A Miller.

Ben Blunt.

Gregory Gabble.

Roger Sly.

Timothy Shallow.

W O M E N.

Lady Worthy.

Gooddy Gabble.

Gooddy Shallow.

Gooddy Sly.

Midwife, and other Women.

SCENE, Gotham.

T H E



THE
GOTHAM
ELECTION,

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter on one Side Mr. Friendly,
On the other, Scoredouble, an Inn-keeper.*

Friend. A ! Landlord, I'm glad to
see you.

H

Score. Mr. Friendly, You
are Welcome,

Friend. I hope Mrs. Score-
double, and your pretty Daughter's well.

Score. Yes, Yes, Sir, the Women are in
good Case ; my Wife, as the old Zaying is,

C

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is better in Health than good Conditions. In troth I'm glad to zee you, pray, What brought you to Gotham an I may be so bold to ask you? Elections, I warrant you?

Friend. Something like it, Landlord; pray what sort of a Man is your Mayor?

Score. Why his Worship is a huge Admiror of the *French*; Nay 'tis whisper'd by zome, that his Zon is with the Knight of the *Dragon*, for he has never been zeen zince the Duke of what d'e call him went away.

Friend. Say you so!

Score. Ay, an he has a Daughter, a weigh-ty Girl, I promise you: Od wou'd you had her, Mr. *Friendly*, she has five Thousand Pound, and a tight Lover of her Coun-try,

Friend. Five Thousand Pound! a-gad a sudden Thought comes into my Head, I'll pursue it; who knows but I may make some lucky Discovery: I thank you for your kind Wishes, Landlord, but I can never hope for such a Fortune: His Son with the Knight of the *Dragon*, say you, why then your Mayor is a *Jacobite*.

Score. Nay, he is shrewdly suspected by zome to be a down-right *Papist* in his Heart; but to zay Truth of him, he does go to Church constantly, he does, indeed; he does go to Church.

Friend.

The GOTHAM Election. 27

Friend. A pretty Fellow for the Head of a Corporation.

Score. What do you please to drink, Sir?

Friend. Why bring us the best your House affords.

Score. The best my House affords, ha, ha, ha, that is as you think it, Sir; — now most of our Gentry, for this last your Years, d'ye mind, will touch nothing but *French* Claret, — there are some that like your Port Wines still, but very few, and those of the poorer Sort too, as my Barboard can Witness.

Friend. Come, bring such as you like your self.

Score. Why then Master we'll have a Bottle of white Lisbon. — Here *Sam.* bring a Bottle of the best White Lisbon, d'ye hear.

Friend. Withal my Heart. — Well Landlord, and how will Elections go with you in Gotham?

Score. Why here is old tugging vort: — Here has been such roasting of Oxen! Such veasting, and such caballing, as you ne'er saw the like! Here's one Squire Tickup, a Londoner I think puts up for one; — he's over Head and Ears in Debt, they say, and so has a Mind to get above the Law, and pay no Body.

Friend. That's one Way indeed to serve himself; but he that has not Honesty enough to pay his own Debts, may easily be brought to give up the Debts of the Nation. — I hope

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he has no considerable Number of Votes secur'd, has he?

Score. He has zome. — Here has happen'd an unfortunate Squabble between Sir *John Worthy*, and his Lady?

Friend. Sir *John Worthy*! Does not he put up too?

Score. Ay, and he and his Family has represented this zame Burrough of *Gotham* these Vorty Years, and yet I believe he will lose it now, I am sorry vor't, vor he's a very honest Gentleman.

Friend. How so prithee?

Score. Why you must know, his Lady is a what d'ye call it, — a High-Flyer, — and nothing zo great as our Parson's Wife and she; now you must know, the Parson had given my Lady a Game Cockeril, — and, as the Devil wou'd have it, a Dissenter's Dog happen'd to worry this zame Cockeril, — and because Sir *John* wou'd not go to Law with him for his Dog's Fault, my Lady zwears he's a Rebel, and wou'd pull down the Church.

Friend. Ha, ha, excellent; but how does this effect Sir *John's* Election?

Score. Why my Lady being plaguy cunning de mind, — she reserv'd to her self a Thousand Pound when she married Sir *John*; now she swears she'll spend every Groat on't, but she'll fling Sir *John* out of his Election, and under the Rose, d'ye zee, they zay that she, and this zame Squire *Tickup*, are mainly well acquainted;

The GOTHAM Election. 29

ed; so she veasts the Good Wives, d'ye mind, and so secures all those Husbands Votes, whose Wives wear the Britches, ha, ha, ha.

Friend. Ha, ha, come my Service to you, and to all those honest Fellows not under Petticoat Government.

Score. Withal my Heart, hang Petticoat Government I zay, Zooks I love to wear my own Breeches.

Friend. Here's strange Juggling it seems.

Score. Ha, ha, but now you talk of Juggling, we had rare juggling here not long since, we had like to have had all the Money in the Country juggled away.

Friend. As how!

Score. Why here was a Trickster came down to Gotham. —

Enter Wat Washball.

Ho, *Wat Washball!* Come in, come in mun; this zame Man can testify what I am going to zay: He is a very honest Freeholder, of your Pounds a Year, so he is, — a Barber here by; with your leave Master I'll drink to him.

Friend. Pray do, you are welcome Friend.

Wat. Thank you Sir.

Score. Come pull a Chair *Wat*, and zit down; I was telling Master *Friendly* here, of the Trickster that chang'd the Cards so you know *Wat*, in the Town-Hall.

Wat. Ay, that was a bitter Dog, I believe we shan't forget him in Haste.

C 3

Friend.

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Friend. Why what did he do?

Score. Why you must know Sir he play'd several Tricks, but his greatest Skill lay in changing the Cards, — He had a plaguy Nack at that; — don't you remember *Wat*, — how he dealt a Card round the Hall, — when our High Sheriff had got the Ace of Hearts, you know?

Wat. Ay, as plain an Ace of Hearts as ever I saw in all my born.

Score. Ay, and what does this same Trickster but with one — Whif, conjures away this same Ace of Hearts, — and claps the Knave of Clubs in its Place.

Friend. Ha, ha, ha.

Score. When my Neighbour *Washball*, and I saw that, we would have had the Mayor made his Mittimus, and sent him to Gaol.

Wat. No, no, not for that, not for that Landlord, it was for changing an *English* Guinea into a *French* Pistole, you know.

Score. Right, right, so it was *Wat*, so it was, and you know the Mayor said the Pistole was the better Gold, and would not meddle with him vor't.

Friend. But there was Four Shillings lost by that Change, what could your Mayor say for that?

Wat. Zay! Why he pretended to prove by Logick, I think he call'd it, — that Seventeen and Six-pence was more than One and Twenty and Six-pence.

Friend.

The G O T H A M Election. 31

Friend. Pritty Sophistry truly, for a Mayor of a Corporation; — and what is become of this Juggler?

Score. Gone to the Devil, vor ought I know.

Friend. From whence came he?

Wat. Why some say from one Part, some an other; but those that pretend to know best, say he came from some Part of the Zouth-Seas.

Friend. I rather believe the South-Seas came from him.

Wat. Pray What is this zame Zouth-Zeas? A Shire, Town, Burrough, or Market-Town?

Friend. It was a Market, and once had a very great Trade for Flumery and Leeks.

Score. Well, of all Garden Stuff, I hate those Zame Leeks.

Wat. They leave a plaguy stink behind them.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Dinner's upon Table, Sir.

Score. Master *Friendly*, will you eat a Slice of a Buttock of Beef and Carrots?

Friend. Withal my Heart, — and after Dinner, I should be glad if you'd bring me acquainted with some of the honest Fellows of *Gotham*; I'll try if I can recommend a worthy Gentleman to them, one that has Gold enough, and owes no Man a Groat, is as generous as a Prince, and loves his Country as he loves his Wife.

Score.

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Score. Ha, ha, ha, troth Master that may be little enough, for what as I do know, — pray who is he ?

Friend. Sir Roger Trusty.

Score. Sir Roger ! I shall be glad to zee him with all my Heart Blood and Gutts, as they zay. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE *changes to a Room in a Tavern.*

Enter Lady Worthy, Mr. Tickup, Goody Gable, and Goody Shallow.

Lady. Never fear my dear Tickup, — as far as my Thousand Pound goes I'll stand by you, I'll spend it every Shilling but carry my Point ; I hate a Whig so much, that I'll throw my Husband out of his Election, or throw my self out of the World ; a Parsel of canting Rogues ; they have always Moderation in their Mouths, — rank Resistance in their Hearts, — and hate Obedience even to their Lawful Wives, — and then they bear a Mortal Hatred to Three Pound Fourteen and Fip-pence !

Tick. Ay, they hate all Coin that won't take their Impression.

Lady. Why there's my Brute of a Husband now, he hates the French so much, that he won't let poor Fanny learn to dance.

Good. G. Nay my Husband is a little poison'd that Way too ; — will you believe it, Madam,

The GOTHAM Election. 33

Madam, he had the Impudence to forbid me Dancing with your Honour's Worship last Night ; — he said Dancing was a bold Recreation, and that it was an Inlet to Sin ; — but I pluck'd up a Spirit, and told him I wou'd do it, that I wou'd dance, and dance agen, so I wou'd, — od my Gentleman was soon snub'd, for he knew an he rais'd my Passion once, he wou'd have enough to do to get it down again.

Good. S. Well, an I zay but one Word to *Timothy Shallow*, down goes Thimble and Shears, — and up he takes Gloves and Stick, and away goes he. — Ah, you're a happy Woman, *Gooddy Gabble*, your Husband is a Man every Inch of him, I'll zay that for him.

Good. G. You'll say that for him ; Pray how come you to know what Man my Husband is, *Gooddy Shallow* ? Have you found him a Man for your Business, ha ?

Good. S. I, I found your Husband a Man for my Business, I have a Husband as fit for Business as yours ; — and tho' I zay it, that shou'd not zay it, there is not a better Workman in the Parish.

Tick. Ay, ay, they are both good Workmen enough in their Way ; she only jested with you, that's all.

Lady. Ay, ay Neighbours nothing else, — well, you'll use your Endeavours with your Husbands to give their Votes for Mr. *Tickup*.

G. Gab.

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G. Gab. That I shall sure Madam, — your Worship promises me I shall nurse the young Squire, as soon as he is born.

Tick. That you shall.

G. Gab. And I am to have Twenty Pounds a Year. —

Lady. Ay, I'll pass my Word for't.

G. Gab. I thank your Ladyship, — not that I doubt your Word Madam, or the bountiful Squire's in the least; — but, but, but, an, an the Squire wou'd advance a Years Sallery aforehand, it wou'd go a great Way with my Husband; — for you must know, that *Gregory Gabble* is an honest Man, and won't vote against his Conscience, if it were not for his Interest; — now Sir *John*, you know Madam, promises to renew his Lease *Gratis*, if he votes for him, but an he votes against him, he won't bate him a Groat so he won't, you know your Husband's Temper, Madam.

Lady. Oh prithee name him not, you'll give me the Vapours; there, there's Twenty Pound for you, let me hear his odious Name no more.

Tick. Take Notice *Goody Gabble*, those Twenty Pounds are to pay for nursing of a Child that shall be born, — no Matter when.

G. Gab. No, no, no, no Matter whether ever or never, I'll take it when you send it, sure sweet Squire.

Tick. It is not out of any Sinister End to suborn your Husband, no, I scorn it, I am an

The GOTHAM Election. 35

an honest Man, and a Lover of the Church, and will take Care the Roguish Whigs don't pull down a Hassock in't.

Lady. Ay Neighbours, Mr. *Tickup's* a Good Churchman, mark that! He is none of your occasional Cattle, none of your hellish Pantile Crew; — Oh we shall never thrive till all these canting Whigs are whipt out of the Kingdom; — Oh that I had the Jerking of 'em, I'de teach 'em Passive-Obedience, or make the Devil come out of 'em.

G. Shal. Well, your Ladyship is a very wise Woman, that's certain: Good lack, how she doth talk, Neighbour Gabble? — Oh she's a great Woman.

Lady. Ay, and you shall be a great Woman too, Gooddy *Shallow*, if Mr. *Tickup* carries the Day; well, I'll say no more, but every Body don't know Mr. *Tickup's* Power; — but there's a certain great Prince, that shall be nameless, that has a very great Kindness for him, and for ought I know he may stand as fair for a Garter as the best of 'em, one Day.

G. Shal. Pray Squire, will you be so kind as to recommend my *Tim.* to that same Great Prince, to be his Tailor?

Lady. He shall do it, your Husband shall be his Tailor, and you shall be dresser to his Queen.

G. Shal. And will your Honour's Worship do this?

Tick. I'll do any Thing to serve you Gooddy *Shallow*.

G. Shal.

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G. Shal. Will you truly! Well Timothy Shallow, thou art a made Man; — and am I born to be a Courtier? Good lack, Good lack. —

G. Gab. Bless me! Who wou'd have thought that you, with your Broomstick, wou'd have come to such Honour, Gooddy Shallow?

G. Shal. Ay, who indeed; — but I ha no vine Cloaths to go to Court in tho', what mun I do for that now?

Tick. Why to shew you that I have a Kindness for you and your Husband, there is Ten Guineas to rig you, for the Honours I design to prefer you to. *(gives her Money.)*

G. Shal. Ah Heaven bless your good Worship, me and mine will be oblig'd to pray for for you, as long as we live.

Lady. Look you there now, when wou'd a Whig have done as much? — Bless me, I'm in a Sweat when I but name a Whig. —

(Fans herself and walks about.)

Tick. I take a Pleasure to serve my Country Folks, and am proud of an Opportunity to do good Offices; — for my Part, I should not be concern'd if I lost the Election, otherways than not being in a Capacity to serve my poor Country, at this Juncture.

Lady. There's a Man for ye Neighbours! now cou'd you find in your Heart, Gooddy Shallow, to deny this Gentleman any Thing, any Thing, any Thing, I say?

G. Shal. No, by my truly, I think I cou'd not

The GOTHAM Election. 37

not, why should I belie my Conscience? Madam, come here's the Squire's Health.

(drinks.)

Tick. I am oblig'd to you Goody Shallow.

(kisses her.)

G. Shal. Good Gentleman, he's not proud; — odd he kisses main sweetly, Madam.

Lady. Ay, Does he not? — Well, you'll bring your Husband over?

G. Shal. Over! ay, Madam, or he shall never come over — my Threshold more, I can tell him but that.

(Exit Drawer.)

Draw. Sir, here's Goodman Mallet, the Carpenter, enquires for you; he says you sent for him.

Lady. No, — I sent for him in your Name; he is a silly Fellow, but no matter for that, he can do you great Service; humour him in all he says, bring him up.

(Exit Drawer.)
Give him Money, if you can handsomely top it upon him; — there's a hundred Guineas, when they are gone, you shall have more; — if you can get Mallet's Vote, he'll bring you twenty at least.

Tick. My charming Woman, — you oblige me to be for ever yours.

(kisses her.)
Lady. Come Neighbour, let's retire, it may not be proper for us to hear Goodman Mallet's Business you know.

(Exit.)

D

G. Gabb.

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G. Gabb. No, no, no, no, come, come, come, we'll go, we'll go. Good Sir, your most humble Servant, I'll bring you Gregory Gabble, I warrant you. (Exit.)

G. Shal. And so will I my Timothy Shallow, sweet Squire. (Exit.)

Enter Mallet.

Tick. Mr. Mallet, your Servant. (Takes out 20 Guineas, and plays with them on the Table as he talks.)

Mall. your humble Servant, Sir, pray what is your Business with me?

Enter Drawer.

Tick. Come sit down, Sir; — here, the House.

Draw. Did you call, Sir?

Tick. Ay, what Wine do you drink Mr. Mallet?

Mall. 'Tis all one to me, Sir.

Tick. Then bring up a Bottle of French Red.

Draw. You shall have it, Sir. (Exit.)

Tick. Mr. Mallet, there is a very honest Gentleman gives his Service to you, charg'd me to see you, and gave me a Token to drink with you.

Mall. Pray who may that be?

Tick. One Mr. Double.

Mall.

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Mall. Ha! Master Double.
[*Decries within.*] A Bottle of French Red in
the Foyer-de-Luce. Score.

Enter with Bottle and Glass.

Tick. Come Mr. Maller, Mr. Doubles Health
to you.

Mall. With all my Heart, I have earn'd
many a fair Pound of him; — some says he's
an ill Paymaster, but I won't say so, for he
paid me very honestly, tho' I must needs say
he's a little long winded. — Sir, an you please,
my Service to you, remembering Master Dou-
ble.

Tick. Thank you Mr. Maller; well, how do
you like the Wine? I think 'tis pretty good.
(drinks.)

Mall. I think so too, Sir; — but second
Thoughts is best.

Pick. Right; — Come here's to your Fireside,
Mr. Maller, I suppose you are a marry'd Man.

Mall. Ay, Maller, I have been marry'd
these five and twenty Years; I have a Son's
Wife lies in now.

Tick. I'll stand Godfather, if he be not
better provided, Mr. Maller.

Mall. Sir, your humble Servant, I dare say
he'll accept of your kind Offer, and thank
you too.

Tick. Is he all the Children you have,
Mr. Maller?

D 2

Mall.

40 The GOTHAM Election.

Mall. No, Sir, I have four Sons and three Daughters in all, fine young Men and Women as any in the Parish, no dispraise to the best. My eldest Son is a Lawyer, just out of his time, a smart young Fellow, I promise you, Sir. My second I brought up to my own Trade, and he is a very great Master of his Business, tho' I say't, as any is in all *Gotham*. My third Son is a Bookseller, a notable Fellow, he lives in *London*; he is a kind of a Wit, too, they say, and makes Verses; then he has an admirable Knack at quacking Titles. Perhaps you may know what that is, Sir, but for my part, I do not, I confess, understand it; but they tell me, when he gets an old good for nothing Book, he claps a new Title to it, and sells off the whole Impression in a Week.

Tick. 'Tis a good way of imposing on the Publick, why he'll be a rich Fellow in a short time?

Mall. Ay, so they say; but my youngest Lad troubles me most of all.

Pick. How so, pray?

Mall. Why you must know, Sir, he is a main weakly Boy, he had the Rickets till he was seven Years old, which took away his Strength, and hugely dull'd his Memory; so that he's dull, very dull, Sir; I can't think what to breed him to, that don't require much Strength of Body, nor Application of Mind:

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Mind: His Mother is for making him a Parson, but the Rogue won't hear on't.

Tick. Oh, Mr. Mallet! by your Description, he is very unfit for a Parson.

Mall. Why so I tell her, Sir, and in my Opinion we had better get him a Place at Court.

Tick. Ay, there indeed you are in the right; I don't know but I may be able to serve you there, if you'll endeavour to put it in my Power.

Mall. As how pray?

Tick. Why, Sir, you must know, I stand one of the Candidates for this Borough of *Gotham*; and if you'll be so kind to give me your own Vote, and engage your Friends to do the same, I'll take care of your Son, I promise you.

Mall. Pray what may your Name be, Sir?

Tick. My Name is *Tickup*, Sir.

Mall. *Tickup*! ah, Sir, you lose it for a Wager with you.

Tick. Why do you think so?

Mall. Why, Sir, our Town has an Aversion for the Family of the *Tickups*; it is a Name very much hated I assure you, and I might advise you, I'd change it into *Ready Cash*, ha, ha.

Tick. You are witty upon my Name, Mr. Mallet; but no matter for that, what will you lay I don't carry't? I'll hold you twenty
D 3 Guineas

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Guineas to one I do, and you shall hold Stakes.

Mall. By Mese, I'll take this Wager, if I never hold another, done, Sir.

Tick. Done; there, there's twenty Guineas. *(pushes 'em to him.)*

Mall. Well, if I should lose my Guinea, Mr. *Tickup*, you'll remember a Place for my Son,

Tick. That I will indeed, Mr. *Ma let*; but then you must not vote against me.

Mall. No, No, that I won't I promise you; but an I engage my Friends, you must promise to do a Kindness or two more for me.

Tick. Name 'em, and command me.

Mall. Why cou'd not you now get my Son the Lawyer made Lord Chancellor, think you?

Tick. Can't! Yes, and will too.

Mall. Will ye? Ay, pray you do — an, an, hold, hold, I have the Names of all the great Places in a Bit o' Paper somewhere, if I find 'em, but — I took 'em out of the present State of *Gotham*, — ho! here here it is — Ay, let me see, — yes, yes, — Lord Steward, ay, Lord Steward! ay, that's a very pretty Post, that d'you mark me, I would have for my Son *Ned* — the Carpenter, he understands how to keep the House in good Repair — and that's a main Matter, you know; his Majesty need give himself no manner of Trouble.

Tick. Oh, that will be a very great Advantage; well; I'll take care about that too.

Mall.

The GOTHAM Election. 43

Mall. And the Bookseller! I'd have him—
de ze— ho! I'd have him Groom of the
Stole.

Tick. There you are perfectly right, be-
cause he will have an Opportunity to make
use of his Verses.

Mall. Then for my youngest Son! What
mun he be?— Why, what an you should
make him Treasurer now! for the Rogue al-
ways lov'd Money. And for my Daughters—
I fancy they would do rarely well for the
King's Maids of Honour.

Tick. Oh excellently well— all this I pro-
mise you.

Mall. Do you truly?— Well, you are a huge
civil Gentleman, and so my humble Service
to you— Well, I'll say no more— but an I do
not bring you twenty Votes, my Names's not
Mallet, d' ye see, that's all, that's all— and so,
Sir, your Servant with all my Heart (*going*.
Hold! one thing more I must desire of you—
I have an own Cousen, that is a Sailor— sup-
pose now you should make him somewhat, —
an Admiral— or a Boatswain, or so d' ye see?

Tick. He shall be one of them, I promise
you.

Mall. Shall he in troth?— well, good bye
to you, and thank you kindly (*going*.

Tick. Mr. *Mallet*, your humble Servant, —
oh the Devil!

Mall. Methinks I love to do Good in my
Generation; tho' to say Truth, the graceless
Dog

44 *The GOTHAM Election.*

Dog does not deserve it ; but no matter— as long as you can have it for speaking for, you know ?

Tick. What is it ? Death, this Fellow would tire a Porter.

Mall. I have a Nephew somewhere or other, his Name is *Sam Slash*, a Soldier. Pray enquire him out, wol you, and make him— ay, make him a Coporal, or a Colonel, or somewhat of that, now.

Tick. Well, well, this I promise you, Have you any thing else ?

Mall. No, no, I won't trouble you any more, not I— your Servant (going.

Tick. Give me leave to wait of you down.

Mall. Odso ! I had forgot my Wife *Joan*, well thought on I'faith— she would never have forgiven me, if I had not remember'd her;— *Joan* must have somewhat, Mr. *Tickup*, what can *Joan* have now, think ; pray think a little for her ?

Tick. Let me see— why, suppose she were made Oyster-Cracker to the Court now.

Mall. Oyster-Cracker ! I don't remember any such Post in my List.

Tick. Oh ! never trouble your Head about that, there is, or shall be such a Post.

Mall. Shall there ! well, well, that will do then— but, but, but, I doubt *Joan* will never be content to live at Court without me;— Can't you contrive some small Place for me, too— Any thing will serve me— I'll be satisfied

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tisfy'd with being Lord-Mayor; I am very modest in my Requests, you see?

Tick. Modest, quotha! ha, ha, well, well, you shall be Lord-Mayor.

Mall. Well, well, that's enough— will you believe me, Mr. Tickup? I really love my Friends as well as my self— why here's an honest Pot-Companion of mine, *Barnaby Bran*, the Baker; methinks I would fain make his Fortune too, can you think of nothing for him.

Tick. Honest *Barnaby Bran*, the Baker! I have a rare Place for him.

Mall. Have you really now! What is it pray?

Tick. Why he shall be — Master of the Rolls!

Mall. He will be main thankful; what is it a Patent Place?

Tick. Yes, yes, a Patent Place?

Mall. And have you any thing for his Wife?

Tick. His Wife, ay, she shall have Pattin's too.

Mall. Od, that will please her Husband mainly.

Tick. Ay, she has been a Clogg to him a great while, no doubt on't. *(aside.)*

Mall. Well, honest Squire, your humble Servant. *(Exit.)*

Tick. I'm glad I'm rid of him; bless me, if it were in my Power now to keep my Word,

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Word, what a prodigious Company this Fellowship has provided for! — but thanks to Policy, a Man is not always oblig'd to keep his Word: —

The Courtier, Politician, and the Beau,
Whatever you ask, will never answer, now
But closely press'd, you'll find their whole Proceeding,
Neither more nor less, than pure good Breeding.
(Exit.)

Scene changes to the Mayor's House.

Enter Mayor with a Letter in his Hand.

Friend, I don't like a Frenchman.

May. Well, and how does all our Friends on t'other side the Water, ha? Well, I hope?
Friend. Oh fort bien, Monsieur Mayor, and Monsieur le Chevalier, be vary much your humble Serviture, Begar!

May. Ham very much his Lam sure. — Come Monsieur to the Fatherless and Widow.

Friend. Adieu mine Heart, dat every Man may have his his own, Begar *(Drinks.)*

May. Amen, I say; — but I must desire you, Monsieur, to explain this Letter to me? My Daughter tells me it is not *Englisch*!

Friend. No, dis be French, Sir.

May. French! what has my Son learn'd French already? — But what made him write French to me, when he knows that I can neither

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ther write nor read, — and that no Body understands a Word of *French* in the Parish?

Friend. Oh for dat very Reason he did write in *French*, because it be one grand Secret, and he know me to be de very fedelle Personne, in whom de Grand Monarchs in dis Vorkd put a der Confidance, you understand a me, Monsieur?

May. Yes, yes, Oh Blessings on my Boy, he will certainly raise his Family; — a Secret! pray read it softly.

Friend. Oh softly by all Means. — First, den, he tell you here, dat de Knight of de Dragon give his most humble Service to you. and prays you to take a de care to make de good Members for him.

May. Ay, ay, I will do all that in me lies.

Friend. And for dat purpose, you shall receive one, two, three hundred Pistoles, in one, two, three Days ma foy.

May. Very well, very well; — pray let him know that the last Money that was remitted, has been prudently employ'd for the Chevalier's Service: Our Parson Blow-Coal is right Stanch, he distributed it, with a strict Charge to have Regard to the Church; the Noise of the Church, you know, does much, Monsieur? — My Brother, Alderman Credulous had two hundred Pounds.

Friend. Humph, well said Parson; this News shall to Sir Rorer Trusty (*aside*) ha, ha, ha, Begar, dat will do de Business; de Cry

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Cry of de Church will bring in de King *par blue*; but one ting more, Monsieur Mayor, he say here in dis Letter, dat de Knight of de Draggon charge you right or wrong to return de vat do you call 'em—de High Church.

May. Ay, ay, that he may depend on; oh my dear Boy! And what is my Boy a Favourite abroad, ha?

Friend. Oh, a great Favourite, I assure you. — Den here be one ting more; — he prays you to send by me his Sifter for de Education, — because it be whisper'd, dat if dese plaguery Low-Church get de Day, — dey vill make it Treason for any one to send der Children to *France*, Begar; no, dey vill send dem for Education to *Scotland*, and bring all de young Ladies to de Stool of Repentance, ma foy.

May. Zounds, I'd send mine to *Lapland* sooner, tho' I'm a Protestant my self, because I was born so d' ye see; yet I had rather breed my Children at *Rome*, than *Geneva*; Zounds, I hate these Whiggish Doggs.

Friend. Begar de Pope no love them neither, dey be de dam Fellows for de Liberty and Property; but your Daughter, your Daughter, Monsieur Mayor. —

May. She shall along with you, Monsieur, — her Aunt left her five thousand Pounds; — I wish you could perswade her to turn Nun; one thousand would provide for her in the Nunnery,

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Nunnery, — and the other four would make my Son a Lord.

Friend. Oh let de Priest get her once; and begar he vill make her — someting, I warrant you.

May. But which way shall I get her over, she'll never consent to leave *England*; for you must know she is plaguey Low in her Principles?

Friend. Me tell you one Politick, — 'tis vine Veder! ask her to go vid you and me to see de Ship dat bring me hither, and ven she be in de Ship vid me, some body must stop your going up de Ship, and tell you dat Day came all Expreß for you upon de grand Business of de Nation, ma Boy, so you leave us, vid de Promise to return presently; — so as soon as you be gon, me make a de Master hoist a Sail, and away for *Callais*, Begar.

May. Excellent Contrivance! — we'll about it this Moment. — I can but laugh to think how I shall chouse the young Jade into her Happiness.

Friend. And I can but laugh to think how you'll be chous'd out of your Daughter, if Luck favours me.

(*Aside,*
May. And pray tell my Son, I'll observe his Direction, — my Clerk shall sit up all this Night to write Conveyances; — I'll make twenty Freeholders before Morning yet.

Friend. As how pray, Monsieur Mayor?

E

May.

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May. Oh we have Ways and Means, — why I'll undertake, d' ye see, to make four Votes out of a Gooseberry-Bush, and fix out of a Hogs-Sty. —

Friend. Begar dose be de very sweet Votes. *(Exit.*

Scene changes to the Street.

A Cobler at work in his Stall under an Ale-House.

Enter Mr. Tickup.

Tick. Speed your Work, Friend, your Trade depends upon good Husbandry.

Cob. Ay, Master, zo't does, as you say; but I make new Shoes sometimes, as well as mend old ones. —

Tick. Say you so! why you shall be my Shoe-maker, — if you'll do me a small Kindness.

Cob. *Getting up with Cap in hand*] What is it, Master, to put a Stitch in your Shoe, I warrant you?

Tick. No, only to give me your Vote, that's all.

Cob. *Sits down to work again.*] All, quotha! why that's all many a Man has to live on; at this time, a small Kindness! ha, ha, ha, it is a small Kindness, truly.

Tick. What say you, Friend, will you?

Cob.

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Cob. I don't know, I believe not.

Tick. Why so, pray you?

Cob. I can't tell, — mehap I may; — mehap I may not d' ye see.

Tick. Have you promis'd any body else?

Cob. Suppose I have, — suppose I have not, what then? Look ye, my Vote's as good as the best Man's i'th Parish, or next Parish to't, that's a proud Word d' ye see; — and I'd take care who I gin to, zo I wol. *(sings.)*

Tick. Nay, you are in the right of that, but no Man shall do more for the Corporation than my self.

Cob. Ay, ay, you all talk it well affore you get in; — but you are no sooner chose, — but whip you are as proud as the Devil, — and a Man can't speak Truth, but you come with your *Candelum Natum* sours upon us.

Tick. Pride is the least Sign of a Gentleman, and I don't know if I should not rather be call'd Rogue, than a proud Man.

Cob. And mehap he would not lie that call'd you both, ha, ha.

Tick. I am sorry you should have so ill an Opinion of me.

Cob. Why are you not proud now?

Tick. I think I may safely say I am not.

Cob. Why then — come and kiss me.

Tick. Withall my Heart. *(kisses him.)*

Well, what think you now? will you give me your Vote yet?

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Cob. Look ye, fare and softly, — I am not throwly satisfy'd, whether I shall give you my Vote or not.

Tick. I am sorry for that; — but if you'll go to the Tavern, I'll give you a Pint of Wine, whether you'll give me your Vote or not, for I like you for your Bluntness.

Cob. I dant value your Wine of this Hog's Bristle, d' ye see; — I am an honest Man, d' ye see, — and am for a free Government, I'm none of those that are to be brib'd; — now an you are not proud, d' ye see, — why come into my Stall, here, and I'll give you a Flaggon of Ale.

Tick. Oh the Devil, that will dirty all my Cloaths: (*aside.*) Had not we better go into the Ale-House?

Cob. Look ye there now, did not I say you was proud? No, Sir, I won't leave my Stall, those that are asham'd off me, — why I am asham'd of them, d' ye see, that's all.

(*Sings and works.*)

Tick. A Pox of the unpolish'd Blockhead, I must humour him. (*Gathers up his Cloaths, and goes in.*)

Nay, nay, don't be angry, — I only said it, to save you the Trouble of going for the Ale, that's all.

Cob. Oh I have a Conveniency for that, (*whistles, and the Boy enters.*)

Look you there, Sir; Sirrah, bring me a Pot of

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of humming Ale, de you hear; — what are you afraid of your Cloaths? Zblead, sit down, mun, tho' I'm a poor Fellow, I've zitten by as good as you affore now, mun.

(pulls him down rudely.)

Enter Boy with Drink on one side, and Tolefree the Miller on t'other.

Tick. Ay, ay, Friend, who doubts it.

Tole. Hark ye, Neighbour *Last*, will you never have done cobling my Shoes?

Cob. Oh, Neighbour *Tolefree*, you come in the Nick; why here's Neighbour *Tolefree* has a Vote too, and he'll give it ye. —

Tick. I shall be much oblig'd to him, if he will, pray drink to him.

Cob. By and by, let his Betters be serv'd before him, my Service to you, Sir; — come in, Neighbour *Tolefree*, — come, we'll make you room.

(Drinks.)

Tole. Withall my Heart.

(Gets in on the other Side Tickup.)

Tick. I wish the Devil had them both, — what a fine Pickle I shall be in, pray have a care of my Cloaths.

Cob. Cloaths, nay, I hope I am a better Commonwealths-Man than to mind Cloaths, sit close, Neighbour *Tolefree*, or you'll thrust me off the Form.

(The Miller hitches upon Tickup, and makes his Cloaths all white.)

E 3.

Tick.

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Tick. These Dogs have a Design upon me, I wish I was fairly out; Death, what a Coat is here? *(aside.)*

Tole. Come, come, put about the Pot.

Tick. My Service to you, Sir, *(drinks)* the King's Health. —

Cob. I love the King, — and so kills me agen. *(claps his Hands on his Cheeks, and pulls him to kiss him, and leaves them all black.)*

Tick. Confound the Rascal! how his Breath stinks — Well, what say you now, Gentlemen, will you both give me your Votes?

Tole. Give you my Vote! that will bring no Grift to my Mill, d' ye see.

Cob. Get out, and walk before my Door, now, two or three Turns, and I'll tell you more of my Mind.

Tick. Death, he'll make me jump over a Strick by and by. *(Gets out, and walks.)*

Well, what say you now?

Tole. You have a plaguey Hitch in your Pace, you learnt to dance of some French-man, I'm certain.

Cob. Ha, ha, ha, ha, I think that you'd think me a Fool, if I should give you my Vote, now.

Tick. How so, pray?

Cob. How so! ha, ha, ha, you that are a fine bred Gentleman, here d' ye see; — yet can stoop so low, as to kiss, and 'sumour such a dirty Fellow as I am, purely to buy my

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my Vote. — I dant know, d' ye see, but for a good round Sum you might be prevail'd upon to sell my Country, ha, ha, ha, ha : Look ye, I dant like you Comming Sparks, — you should be a little more coy, ha, ha, ha.

Tick. You are merry, Friend.

Cob. Not so merry as you think for, me-haps; — but Vriend me no Vriend, go troop, Nouns, he looks like a Jesuit, does he not, Neighbour *Tolefree* ?

Tol. Pull off his Whore's Hair, an ze an he has not a bald Crown.

Tick. The Devil ! they'll strip me by and by, I had as good walk off, for these are both damn'd *Whigs*, I find that.

Cob. Ha, ha, he's gone ! an he be not a plaguey High Boy, I'm mistaken. Come Neighbour *Tolefree*, you and I will take a Pot of Ale together, to Sir *John Worthey's* Health, you'll vote for him, wol you not ?

Tol. Yes, that I wol, — for all my Lady has been tampering with my Wife *Margery*, and has given her a vine Silk Gown, and a huge high Head; — but I dreis'd my Dame's Jacket for her, and made her carry 'em agen; odsflesh, we should have rate times, an we were to be rul'd by our Wives, you know, ha, ha.

(*Exit.*)

Enter Alderman Credulous.

Alderman. Ha, ha, ha, I can but laugh to think how my Wife's Brother, the Mayor, has over-reach'd his Daughter.

Enter

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Enter Sir Roger Trusty.

Sir Roger. Mr. Alderman *Credulous!* your most humble Servant, Sir, I'm glad to see you so merry; Pray what may be the Occasion?

Ald. Family Affairs, Sir Roger; my Brother has dispos'd of his Daughter, — that's all.

Sir Rog. Humph! not as he expected; tho' I believe, for her Advantage, I hope. (*Aside.*

Ald. Ay, ay, Sir Roger, we Fathers know what's good for our Children, better than they do themselves; they have nought to do but to submit to our Pleasures; Passive Obedience is as absolutely necessary in our Wives and Children, as in Subjects to the Monarch; is not your Opinion the same, Sir Roger?

Sir Rog. Yes, whilst Husbands, Fathers and Monarchs exact nothing from us, contrary to our Religion and Laws: But pray, Mr. Alderman, How came you so passive? I remember you wore other Principles in Eighty Eight; — this is not natural, *Alderman.*

Ald. Eighty Eight! that's a long time ago; I know some Men that have worn out twenty Setts. of Principles since Eighty Eight, both Men of the Robe, and Men of the Gown.

Sir Rog. More the pity, *Alderman*, I am sorry Nature did not distinguish Men of such Principles from the rest of her Handywork, that

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that we might enjoy her Gifts more amply, and be more thankful for the Blessings. When I reflect that I am of the same Species with the Betrayers of my Country (for sure that Crime is the greatest of all others) I could almost wish to wear any other Form of the Creation. Life is a Blessing, or a Curse, according to the Fame we purchase, and he that redeems twenty of his Fellow Creatures from the slavish Yoke of Tyranny, does an Action worthy of a Man that bears the Image of his Creator, whilst he who seeks by Treachery to enslave his Kind, to feed Ambition, Avarice, or Revenge, is only the Pest of human Society, and ought to have a Mark set upon him, that we might shun him as we would the Plague.

Ald. Ay, ay, so it ought to be, Sir Roger; but I have read somewhere,

*Nature to Man's Breast has made no Windows,
To show us what they all within Doors.*

For my part, I am for the Church, and my Country.

Sir Rog. So am I; their Interests are inseparable; who gives up one, betrays the others: For my part, I intend to stand or fall by both; therefore I hope you'll do me the Honour of your Vote, Mr. Alderman.

Ald. Why truly Sir Roger, I am pre-engag'd, I won't tell a Lie for the Matter.

Sir Rog. To who, pray?

Ald.

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Ald. Why to Squire *Tickup*.

Sir Rog. *Tickup*! Why he's a Fellow not worth a Groat, and a known *Jacobine*.

Ald. Nay, look ye as that, his Means and his Religion is nothing to me, let his Creditors take care of one, and our Parson o' th' t'other; for my part, I'm for the Church, as I said before, and would rather be a Papist than a Presbyterian.

Sir Rog. Why, where's the Necessity of your being either? Come, come, there's a more convincing Argument than what you have nam'd; — Mr. *Tickup* is recommended by some great Man on whom you have Dependance.

Ald. Great Man! Why yes, truly, he is a pretty large Man; and I have, I trust Heaven, very great Dependance on what he says: The Parson of the Parish, you know, ought to be regarded, Sir Roger, and he told me that Mr. *Tickup* was a good Churchman, and pray'd me to vote for him, and to get all my Friends to do the same, if I would promote the Interest of the Church.

Sir Rog. Ay, the Interest of the Church of Rome, not that of England; why I'll undertake to prove this Fellow deep in the Interest of young *Perkin*, and that he and his Friend, at *Villa Coumbe*, has bought up, and sent for his Service, more than 2000 Horses within these last four Years; and can such a Man be a proper Person to represent you in that August

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gust Assembly, where the People of *Gotham* expect to have these pernicious Measures redrest?

Ald. Why I am confounded at what you tell me.

Sir Rog. I am amaz'd to find you in the Interest of the High-Boys, you that are a Cloathier! What, can you be for giving up Trade to *France*, and starving poor Weavers?

Ald. Trade, pish, pish, our Parson says that's only the Whigs Cant, and that if the Bill of Commerce had pass'd, it wou'd have been of signal Service to us.

Sir Rog. Which Way, I pray, Alderman?

Ald. Nay, I never askt him that, tho' no Doubt but he can tell you, for he is a learn'd Man, and understands Matters better than I do.

Sir Rog. It is much to be wish'd for the Honour of our Religion, and the Safety of our State, that those learned Men were more industrious in the Cure of Souls, and less busie in Politicks! — But come come, Mr. Alderman, there is yet a Secret behind the Curtain, Pray what cou'd Mr. *Tickup*, or any of his Friends oblige you with, that is not in my Power to have done: — You and I have been good Friends, and if a Brace of Hundreds had been wanting, — why, we cou'd have serv'd you as well as they.

Ald. So, so, I find whereabouts you are already.

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already. Well, there is nothing kept a Secret in this damn'd Town: However I had not those Two Hundred Pounds by Way of Bribe, I assure you Sir Roger.

Sir Rog. Ha, ha, why then you had Two Hundred Pounds?

Ald. Yes I confess, Mr. Blowcoal our Parson did give me Bills for Two Hundred Pounds, Part of a Sum, he said, that was given him for charitable Uses, and bad me dispose of it to proper Objects, as I thought fit, but not to bribe Votes I assure you.

Sir Rog. No, no, no, no, 'twas to build Churches I suppose, and reward Secret Merit, ha, ha, ha, ha, but I am sorry for your Sake, that they made their Payment in Paper: — Pray let me see those Bills, — who are they upon?

Ald. See them! Ay, — there they are, Sir Roger.

(Gives him Bills.)
Sir Rog. (Looks on 'em.) Upon Sir Charles Wealthy! As I suspected: — Why he is a Bankrupt, not worth a Groat, ha, ha, ha, why you are bit, Alderman, Blowcoal has bit you, ha, ha, ha; Charity, quotha! Yes this is Charity with a Vengeance.

Ald. How! Am I trick'd? But you are not in Earnest Sir Roger, are you? —

Sir Rog.

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Sir Rog. As certainly as that I my self lost Five hundred Pound by the same Banker : I tell you Sir Charles Wealthy has been gone off this Month.

Ald. The Devil he has! Odsheart I am finely serv'd; why, I'm out of Pocket the Lord knows what: Death! I shall lose all Patience!

Sir Rog. Look, ye Mr. Alderman; if you'll yet hear Reason, I'll make up all this Matter; see here; (*pulls out a Purse.*) here's 200 Guineas in this Purse, all ready Cash, hang Paper; here's the best Provision for charitable Uses.— Mr. Alderman! hark how religiously they Chink; what say you? Will you cheat them, as they have cheated you? Come, for once, serve your self and your Country old Boy.

Ald. But are you sure those Bills are not worth a Farthing, Sir Roger?

(Sir Roger claps the Bills into his Pockets, and takes out some Papers, and tears 'em in small Pieces.

Sir Rog. Sure on't, aye, as sure as I am that my Name is Roger Trusty; — and thus I sacrifice them to your Resentment, Mr. Alderman, and now. —

Ald. Death, Hell, and the Devil, I'm undone; — but if I'm not reveng'd. —

Sir Roger. (*Plays with the Purse.*) It was a cursed Trick indeed to affront an Alderman of a Corporation at this rate.

Ald. Give me the Purse; (*Sir Roger slaps it into his Hand*) and now, Sir Roger, I am yours, if I do not fit Parson Blow Coal, say I am the Son of a dead Cinder. — I'll bring Sixteen

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Votes, Sir Roger ; egad I'll over-reach the Rogues, I warrant 'em: This Purse is a Pledge for my Performance. (Exit.

Sir Rog. And these Bills a Pledge for that Purse. Ha, ha, ha, (takes out the Bills) I'll send my Servant to receive the Money immediately, I think I have paid them in their own Coin.

*In this at last we have the Advantage got,
We give the Treat, but they shall pay the Shot.*

SCENE Mallets Son's House.

Mallet, his Son, Lady Worthy, Goody Gabble, Goody Shallow, Sly and his Wife, and Midwife with the Child ; several Men and Women drinking, as at a Christening, a Quaker filling Wine, and a Fidler playing.

Enter Tickup.

Mallet. We began to despair of your Company Sir, we have Christen'd the Child, — but we got one to stand in your Place, Squire.

Tick. Very well, I'll take the Charge upon Midwife. (Presenting the Child. (me.

Here's your Godson Sir, a fine thumping Boy, he is almost big enough to ask you Blessing.

Tick. A fine Child indeed, — (He takes the Child and kisses it, and gives it a Silver Cup.
Here Sirrah, here's a Cup for you, and besure you drink my Health out of it as soon as you can speak, do you hear. —
Which is the Father.

Mal.

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Mal. This is my Son, Squire.

Son. Sir, you do me much Honour.

Tick. Sir, I wish you much Joy of my Godson, — and may your good Lady bring you every Year such another. Well which are the Godmothers? That I may discharge my Duty.

Goody Sly. Why, I am one for want of a better, Sir.

Tick. Say you so! Have at you then.

(Kisses her)

G. Gab. And I'm t'other, sweet Squire.

Tick. Goody Gabble, (kisses her) nay I'm to go round, — and you too Mrs. Midnight, kiss me you old Jade you. —

Mid. Well, well, you Gentlemen are very happy at Midnight sometimes. — Old Jade! Not so old neither, but I can have a Civility done me by as fine a Gentleman as your Squire's Worship, I'd have you to know.

Tick. P'shaw, who disputes that; — Old Jade is my Favorite Name, you must know egad. I love an old Woman, — I wou'd not give a Fig for your green Girls not I.

G. Sly. Ah, you are a merry Gentleman; — He has a Breath as sweet as a Cow, — he kisses rarely well; — Roger, you shall give this Gentleman your Vote, Roger. (Aside to her Husband)

Roger. So, he has tickled her Fancy already,

G. Sly. I fancy you are a rare Dancer Squire, pray will you give us a Jigg?

Tick. A Jigg! Ay with all my Heart, if you'll dance with me, Dame.

G. Sly. A lack! Squire, I can't dance, Squire.

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Tick. I warrant thee Dame : — Come, strike up Fidler. *(He kisses her.)*

G. Sly. Nay sure I shall not be able to do't with such a fine Gentleman as you. *(they dance.)*

Roger. *(Go's up to his Wife,)* Get home you Beast you, wol ye? A Plague o' your Jigging; will you ne'er ha Jigging enough?

Tick. I hope you are not angry! Rather than disoblige you I'll kiss your Wife no more.

G. Sly. Look ye there now Roger, — you are always doing Mischief, so you are.

Lady. An't you asham'd of your self, Roger?

Roger. Asham'd of my self, vor what I tro?

Lady. Methinks you should take it as an Honour.

Roger. What vor him to lie with my Wife; lookye Madam, you may keep that Honour for Sir John an you woll.

Lady. You sauey impudent Rascal! Who do you talk to, Sirrah?

G. Gab. Fye Neighbour Sly, you use my Lady like a common Woman, so you do.

Roger. If she's as common as those that take her Part, I'm sure she's common enough.

G. Gab. Meaning me Sirrah, — I'll make you prove your Words, you Rogue you: — Why Gregory, Gregory Gabble I say, — do you hear what this Rogue Sly says? *(Gregory is kissing a Woman.)*

See, see, the Villain is minding his Pleasures, when he shou'd be vindicating his Wife; — but I'll swinge you, — I'll cool your Courage when I get you at home, I will so. —

(C'aping her Hands.)
Lady.

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Lady. This Rascal *Sly*, was against the Peace, I remember it well, — and I'll have you hang'd for't, I will, you Pantile Monster.

Roger. Nay, when such as you talk of Peace, we know the Devil is beating up for Volunteers, ha, ha.

Tick. Prithee my Dear Life don't put thy self into a Passion. — Mr. *Sly*, I ask your Pardon, if I have given you any Offence.

Roger. I am no Pope Sir; — but I ha done.

Mal. Why that's well said, — my Neighbour *Sly's* an honest Man, he takes nothing ill, I'll say that for him: Pray Mr. *Tickup* drink to my Neighbour *Sly*.

Tick. I fill'd the Glass for the same Purpose, Mr. *Sly* my hearty Service to you. (*Drinks*)

Roger. Don't Master me Sir, — I'm but a poor Man, my Name is *Roger Sly*, d'ye see, that's all.

Mal. (*to the Quaker*) Neighbour *Scruple* will you do me the Favour to give this honest Gentleman your Vote?

Scruple. Verily Neighbour *Mallet*, — I do think I shall not do it.

Mal. Why so?

Scru. Am I oblig'd to give thee my Reasons?

Mal. No, not oblig'd, but I wou'd be glad to know them.

Scru. Why then thou shalt know them. Between thee and me, Neighbour *Mallet*, I do not take him for an honest Man.

Lady. Not an honest Man! Why what can you say against his Honesty; — he is none of your canting Congregation, that's all.

Scru. I did not direct my Discourse to thee,

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and I wou'd advise thee not to put thy self into a Passion, it will much disorder thy outward Woman, — and make thy Lovers less desiring.

Lady. My Lovers! Goodman Goose-Crown, Who told you that I had Lovers, ha? Goodman Mallet, why do you let your Son take Wine of this old canting Villain? When there is ten times better, either at the Popes-Head, — or the Devil.

Serv. Yea verily, I do perceive that thou art much in the Interest of those two that thou hast nam'd, by thy Language, and thy Actions.

Lady. And what are you in the Interest of, Sirrah? — not of your Country, — you, you, you, — Spawn of old Noll you. — Here Fidler, play me the Tune of, *The King shall enjoy his own again.*

Sly. Ay, let 'em, let 'em an he dares, 'Zbud I'll ha no no Papists Tunes play'd where I am; play Lillibullera, you Rogue.

Lady. You won't have no Papists Tunes! Sirrah, play what I bid you.

Sly. Wounds, play what I bid ye, ye Dog, or I'll break your Fiddle about your Ears.

(He plays Lillibullera.)

Lady. You Presbyterian Son of a Conventicle, how dare you contradict me, Sirrah?

(Strikes him on the Face, and makes his Nose bleed.)

G. Sly. Murder, Murder, my Husband's all of a gore Blood; ah you are a good one to strike a Man, I warrant ye.

Lady.

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Lady. I'll murder you, you dirty dragletail Slut, take that Hufwife.

(Strikes Gooddy Sly, and makes her Nose bleed, she blows it into her Hand and shows it, Crying.

G. Sly. See, see here, see here, how they begin to spill Protestant Blood already; oh you Papiit Devil you; — ay, this is what you wou'd be at.

Sly. Zounds, if she carries this off, — I'll be hang'd alive; I'll dress her down, I warrant her, an she be for fighting.

(Offers to strip; they ho'd her.

Mal. Oh fy, is she not a Woman?

Sly. Nay ask her Spark there, he knows best, or he's foully bely'd on. — A Woman, a shameless Beast, is she!

Tick. Let me perswade your Ladyship to leave the Room.

(Aside to the Lady.

Lady. No, I'll have the Blood, the Blood, the Blood of these confounded Whigish Dogs,

(Stamps and tears.

Tick. Indeed you'll ruin the Design by these Passions; did I not intend to crush them a more effectual Way? You shou'd see how he wou'd use them now, but we must bear with their Sauciness now, if we expect to gain our Ends; — you will by these Measures fright 'em all into your Husband's Interest.

Lady. Oh, oh, oh, well, well, that thought has cool'd me, and I'll retire to your Lodgings, make what haste you can after me —
wher

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where ~~we~~ will meditate on Revenge to come. (Exit.

Enter Servant.

Ser. The Mayor is gone to the Hall, Sir, and the Election is begun.

Tick. Well Gentlemen, I hope you'll give me your Votes, none shall do more for your Town then I will, I promise you. (Exit.

Ser. Here's a Letter for you Mr. Scruple, from your Wine Merchant, Monsieur Traffick, the Man says. (Gives Scruple a Letter.

Seru. (Reads.) *I should take it as a particular Favour, if you wou'd give Mr. Tickup your Vote, who is now with you in Gotham; he is an honest Gentleman I assure you. — Yea it would be a very particular Favour truly.*

Mal. What wou'd, Mr. Scruple?

Seru. Why thou must know, that this Letter comes from a Frenchman to direct my Vote for a Member in an *English* Senate, ha, ha.

Mal. Perhaps there may be no harm in it, the Gentleman might mean it well.

Seru. Yea he doth mean it well for himself no doubt on't, but he doth not mean it well for me. — But come, let us to the Hall Neighbours.

Mal. Ay, ay, to the Hall, and act as Conscience, or our Interest, leads. (Exeunt

SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter.

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Enter Friendly and Lucy.

Friend. I hope you are convinc'd, Madam, of your Father's Principle, and what you must have suffer'd from it, if I had been really what I represented.

Lucy. I do believe the Design you speak of, A Nunnery! Heaven! I shudder at the Thought.

Friend. Ay; where Swarms of Nuns and Priests daily curse your Country, By Bell, Book, and Candle, where you must have been taught to pray for its Destruction too.

Lucy. No! Had I been trappan'd to that cursed Place, tho' but a poor defenceless Maid alone; Yet I'd have shown 'em a true British Soul, and dy'd before I wou'd have chang'd my Faith.

Friend. Well said Madam: But to the Point; — you will not sure return to your Father, and put it in his Power to betray you a Second Time.

Lucy. No that I won't.

Friend. May I not hope some Share in your Esteem?

Lucy. No, whining Love, I'm not to be caught that Way; — this Day I am of Age, and I chuse you for my Guardian, — and if you can bring me unquestionable Proofs of your being an honest Man, — that you have always been a Lover of your Country, — a true Asserter of her Laws and Priviledges, and that you'd spend every Shilling of my Portion in Defence

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Defence of Liberty and Property against *Perkin* and the Pope, I'll sign, seal, and deliver my self into your Hands the next Hour.

Friend. If I do not this, may I meet the Fate which every Traytor to his Land deserves, my charming Heroine!

*(A Noise of Mob without, crying,
A Tickup, a Tickup, A
Worthy, a Worthy, A
Trusty, a Trusty.*

Lady. The Election is begun; where shall I stay conceal'd?

Friend. At my Lodgings, Madam, where you shall quickly have the Proof that you demand, to make my Happiness compleat.

Enter Mob, with their Candidates at the Head of each Party; one bearing a Pope, and wooden Shoes, with Wool in their Hats: The other a Tub with a Woman-Preacher in it, and Lawrel in their Hats; crying on one Side, A Tickup, A Tickup; on the other, A Worthy, A Worthy, Huzza.

Ben Blunt. No Pope, No *Perkin*. A Worthy, A Worthy.

Tim. Shal. No Tub preaching, no Liberty and Property Men.

Gre. Gab. A Tickup, a Tickup, a Tickup.

Ben Blunt. No Fire and Faggot, — no Wooden Shoes, no Trade Sellers, A Low Bow, A Low Bow.

Tim

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Tim Shal. Z'blead! Who made you a Politician, in the Devil's Name.

(Knocks him down, Blunt gets up and collers him and pulls him down, and gets on him, and boxes him: Half a Score more falls together by the Ears.

Gr. Gab. Down with 'em, down with 'em.

Roger Sly. Nay, an you're for that Sport have at ye: No Pope, No Perkin, knock 'em down, down with the Doggs, down with their Champion, — down with that frenchify'd Dog, Tickup; No High Boy, No High Boy.

Shal. No Worthy, No Worthy; A High Boy, A High Boy, A High Boy. *(Exeunt fighting.*

Enter Mr. Scoredouble, Friendly, and Lucy.

Score. I wish you much Joy with all my Heart, Madam, you are the Nineteenth Bride I have been Father to, and I never gave one to an honest Man in My Life, I'll say that for him.

Friend. I thank you Landlord, — and it shall be my constant study to make you happy, Madam, and by my future Actions convince you, that you have not chose amiss. *(to Lucy.*

Lucy. I cannot be unhappy, if your Conduct answers your Character; a moderate Man, from a true innate Principle of Virtue, scorns to betray even his Enemies, much less his Country or his Faith.

A great

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A great Shout within.

*Enter Mob bearing the chosen Member on Poles
in a Chair, buzzaine cross the Stage.*

The Mayor following :

Mayor. I say it is an unfair Election, and
I'll return Mr. Tackup. — Ha! What do I see?

Friend. Your Son and Daughter Sir, if you
please to give us your Blessing. *(Kneels.)*

Mayor. The Devil! Down right English,
Sirrah, I'll have you laid by the Heels for a
Cheat.

Lucy. Then he'll recriminate, my dear Fa-
ther, and ten to one tell how powerfully the
Promise of French Pistoles sway'd your Con-
science, ha, ha.

Mayor. There's a Jade now, Zounds, that
ever I begot her. Huswife, if you are mar-
ried to that rascally, cheating, canting Low
Boy, — may — Hell confound you both.

(Exit.)

Friend. Ha, ha, ha, mind not his Curses,
my dear Lucy, I'll be both a Father and a
Husband to thee. **4 AP 54**

Lucy. I do believe you, and thank you for
this Deliverance; for if I had escap'd a Nun-
nery, ten to one but I had been thrown into
the Arms of some of my Father's Principle,
and that wou'd have been as bad.

This is my Maxim in a married Life,

Who hates his Country, ne'er can love his Wife.

FINIS.

